





## 2

### Why Boys Leave the Farm.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer*, writing from Auburn, Me., discusses this question, which he says most

but appearances to guide him in his selection, and appearances often deceive the best judges. It is rare, however, that an animal goes back on its ancestry. There may be a falling off in one individual, as

The *N. Y. Tribune* describes the new method by which progressive farmers cross the Atlantic are guarding their ricks against danger from heating or moulding: "In the centre of a stack of twenty

J. B. LAWES, of Rothamsted, England, famous for the service done to agriculture since through his experiments, conducted with the utmost care and regardless of expense on his farm, has been created a baronet in recognition of these services. The *Mark Lane Express* says that public opinion will undoubtedly declare that the honor is one well deserved, though some may doubt whether it was worth the acceptance of a man in Mr. Lawes' position of world-wide fame. He has been carrying on and recording his experiments since 1834, and has made provisions for having them continued after his death.

10 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike with name, 10c  
post paid, G. I. REED & CO, Nassau, N. Y.  
1a31-26t-1u4-cow13t

je18-13t

**Sale. NORTHFORD GARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.**

THE F  
says: Pe  
most gar  
sown too  
enough f  
May. Al  
readily in  
treatment  
at once in  
any warm  
so raised  
advance co  
but that t  
and alto  
To get sue  
portant th  
fectly sm  
done, wat  
so as to  
afterward  
their appe  
and cover  
of glass, a  
perature a  
will be c  
seed may  
way, but  
that it has  
should hav  
shut out t  
after which  
and must  
germinati  
serviceabl  
from seed  
they affor  
and color,  
greenhous  
or baskets  
grow them  
get a very  
cut it into  
feet, and p  
each plant  
after a tim  
way throu  
with folia  
they make  
about, or  
Some year  
petunias  
beautiful  
see now, I  
and striped

In a late  
graph we  
what unac  
—for splen  
Creepers, k  
angelopsis,  
our yards  
ing in a  
hardy, sta  
harmied; i  
grows with  
an unman  
cal, if a cr  
feetstrong  
graceful a  
made to co  
one of the  
residence,  
es an amou  
those appl  
can proper  
foliage is c  
attractive;  
hang in in  
handsome,  
who has a  
nature, the  
where ther  
premises, t

SOUTHER  
roses. All  
the prover  
a veritable  
embowered  
Angels in  
blossoms fr  
did not gat  
rose leaf cu  
ion there, s  
repose on h

An Exper  
Arba Cal  
to the Elm  
experiments  
which we t  
“I have  
standing in  
that is a g  
and affords  
window.  
sider a rich  
river bottom  
river. In  
four years  
dry I disco  
with what  
had lost t  
house the  
thought all  
up with the  
I stood in  
saw that t  
least four  
seemed m  
words of S  
about it an  
you cut it  
and exami  
lysis to see  
pear was co  
land rich w  
to be 54 pe  
of magnes  
acid, and  
“I called  
for six or e  
down until  
ed, and the  
salts (contai  
mixed it wi  
of earth and  
next took s  
phate and r  
it on top of  
Then I took  
with earth  
and phosph  
minerals.)  
twenty or  
the whole  
week's time  
reviving an  
tended an i



[illegible]







able one and that you are in sympathy with it. Educate them thoroughly, so that they may be able to fill any position which their ability will command. Give them the advantages of society so they may know how to appear without embarrassment. Bring them up with habits of industry, thrift and economy. Furnish books and papers, encourage reading and study and we shall have done much to attract our youth towards agricultural pursuits. Show them that farming will pay, and that it is in the highest degree respectable. Teach them to understand that professions or occupations in life do not make the man or the woman. They should know that it is in the power of those engaged in any honorable calling or pursuit to make that calling or pursuit what it should be. Circumstances should not make men, but men should make circumstances. No person should expect to be honored by the profession or business he is in. He should seek to honor his profession or business by making it better. Society always respects the men and women who respect themselves. A good word should be spoken for the State Agricultural College, which (though not free from faults and errors, nothing human is ever perfect,) is doing an untold amount of good to agriculture and science, not only in the school room, the laboratory and on the farm, but in farmers' institutes, agricultural meetings and in experiments on various matters connected with agricultural advancement. Much is hoped from it and much may reasonably be expected. Let farmers help extend its usefulness by sending more of their sons there to be educated. From the mistakes of the past, let us learn wisdom for the future. Let us be encouraged by the prospects ahead. The signs of the times point to a brilliant future for the farmer. By industry and a sort of easy lethargy through the winter, he should not lose much of what has been gained through the summer. No business, especially through the winter, has so much time for mental improvement as agriculture. How many improve the golden moments? In how many farmers' houses do we find simply a county paper and two, when there should be a number of periodicals of value for instruction. How many farmers are supplied with agricultural papers sufficient to keep them posted in the improvements which are constantly being made in agriculture and its kindred pursuits? Some say they cost money, while in fact, a few less cents, a little less unnecessary running to town will soon save enough to purchase a number of agricultural papers and journals. Farmers must read more, study more, think more and in some instances work less. Farmers should qualify themselves for any position in life, and such qualifications require reading and study. Public position comes to those who are qualified for its duties whether he be farmer or poet. Wealth lies hidden beneath the soil, dig for it. Comfort and health are the results of a clear conscience and out door operations. While all should not be farmers any more than all should be lawyers, ministers or merchants, still agriculture demands a large amount of the intelligence of the county to make it what it is designed it should be. Though I have not followed very closely nor to any extent the subject allotted me I have used it as a basis for what thoughts I have presented, and hope they prove of some value.

# NEWS SUMMARY.

**Michigan.**  
Saginaw builds the new court house.  
Lansing is having a series of incendiary fires.  
The Sanitary Reporter boasts of having wild strawberries in its local market.  
The Flushing Patrol has ceased to exist, and the Observer takes its place.  
A drive of 140,000 feet of pine logs passed down the Flat River, recently.  
About 4,000 people are engaged in manufacturing furniture at Grand Rapids.  
W. C. Warrant, a resident of Plainwell for the past 40 years, was buried last week.  
The Hudson, Lenawee County, creamery turns out 2,350 pounds of butter per week.  
A building is to be erected in Adrian for the manufacture of the Babcock corn-planter.  
Flint Globe: The corner stone of a new Catholic church was laid in this city on the 21st.  
The Olivet cheese factory reports the milk furnished by its patrons nets them \$1.15 per 100 lbs.  
Current worms have appeared at Plainwell, which has hitherto enjoyed immunity from these pests.  
Monroe Democrat: The potato bug is present in large numbers, and is making sad ravages on the crop.  
State papers are full of local high school commencement exercises at Grand Rapids.  
Bellevue has purchased a fire engine, horse cart and 50 feet of hose, and does not propose to be cremated again.  
Bay County has voted to bond the county for \$100,000 for the purpose of raising a fund to improve the highways.  
Adrian Times: Cambridge farmers have shipped 10,000 bushels of wool direct to a Boston firm, and more will follow.  
George Gordon, of Muskegon, employed on the C. & W. M. road was badly injured by falling from his train on the 24th.  
The firemen's tournament at Big Rapids closed last week, and the home company of Cadillac carried off the sweepstakes.  
Fifteen carloads of Michigan oak lumber were sent to Glasgow, Scotland, last week, to be used in building railroad cars.  
Rev. M. V. Rork's new school, which is to be located at Sherwood, will be 100x75 feet, and will be but one story in height. Sensible.  
Bay City Tribune: Crops on the county farm were destroyed by a recent hailstorm. 17 acres of rye and 16 acres of wheat being a total failure.  
The furniture, horse, buggies and other goods of the "late Tom Navin," Adrian's ex-Mayor, were sold at auction last week and brought \$1,500.  
A lady at Bellevue runs extensive poultry yards, and has received an incubator holding 30 eggs, by means of which she proposes to enlarge her business.  
The Hastings Banner flings out a suppliant to say that the contract for the completion of the Kalamazoo, Hastings and Lowell road has been signed.  
A tramp at Fredonia last week put on airs and ordered coffee at a farmhouse where he begged his breakfast and threatened to burn the barn unless it was prepared.  
A catfish was caught at Monroe last week, which weighed 42½ pounds, and the week before a Frenchman captured one which he swears "by God" weighed 47 lbs.  
Seventy citizens of Adrian have been ordered by the court to appear in court on the 27th inst. to answer to a charge of being an honor

The success of the Army Reunion has renewed patriotism. Michigan, as well as many other cities and towns, has organized posts of the Grand Army of the Republic.  
Flint Democrat: C. E. Mark, of this city, has invented a car-coupler which promises to be a great improvement on any so far patented, and is to be tried on the E. & M. cars.  
Midland merchants are possessed of wonderful business enterprise. One of them recently sold several heads of cattle to a customer who must have cabbage plants and nothing else.  
Kalamazoo Telegraph: Rev. C. De Best, pastor of a church here, was visited by an officer, to whom he owned the larceny of some articles from a store here. He was allowed to leave the place unmolested.  
The students of the University last week presented a grand Latin play ever given in America. It was the Adelphe of Terence, the female parts were played by young men. It was well received by the critics.  
The body of an unknown man was found on the beach at Monroe last week, which had evidently been in the water for several months. Identification was impossible, and it was buried where it was found.  
Lig. thing struck the barn of Rufus Baker, of Fairfield township, Lenawee County, and the youngsters at his knee will wonder what the old man wants to talk such jargon. This is the way history is doubted.  
Ann Arbor Argus: Some day when you say that potatoes were \$3.50 per bushel in June, 1883, the youngsters at your knee will wonder what the old man wants to talk such jargon. This is the way history is doubted.  
Adrian Times: A lady who went to the circus here on leaving the tent found a hand in her pocket, and was able, despite the fact that she was alone, to give the thief a stinging slap in the face. The recipient was the "fast" son of a well-known citizen.  
Inlay City Herald: Two masked men entered the C. & G. T. depot at this place on the 18th inst., and covering the night operator with a revolver, searched the till, and carried off the mail bags left by the night train. They did not obtain any registered letters.  
At Oshtemo, recently, one of the sports led from the grain-bin in a bag of Norton's flour, and before it was discovered about 300 bushels of wheat had been run into the mill race. Only about 100 bushels was recovered, and this in a badly damaged condition.  
The editor of the Ionia Standard can congratulate himself on having attained the dignity of a first-class journalist. He has a liberal suit, which comes of an item noting the arrival of two young men for a night operator from an old farmer named Moore at three card monte.  
Coldwater Republican: Mr. J. E. Allen, of Coldwater township, has a ram three years old that averaged a fleece one year and ten days old that weighed 31 pounds and seven ounces. The weight of the ram after shearing was 120 pounds. The wool was clean and white.  
Hiram Union: A teamster employed in hauling gravel from a pit near Jackson, was buried by a landslide, last week. Fortunately some boys saw the accident, and reached the spot in time to extricate him, though he was almost dead, and is now lying in a very precarious condition.  
The State press is loud in condemnation of the prize drill and sham battle during the reunion, some unjustly blaming the managers of the affair, and others who are in the front of the enterprise of C. J. Whitney and Mr. Tilton, and the Army of the Republic had nothing to do with them.  
Jackson Citizen: The queen of the band of gypsies at present in this vicinity was arrested by a man of the law who had no respect for royalty, lodged in jail, and brought before his honor on charge of indulging in a very ornamental drunk. Her crime, learning of it, sent an extraordinary writ with her ransom, and her majesty was released.  
Portland Observer: Look out for a man who announces himself as a traveling agent for sewing machine companies, and will fix your mind on the fact that he has been for \$1. Such an one visited several families here, and after pretending to fix the machine, demanded his dollar and left, when the machine was found to be less serviceable than before.  
Holly Advertiser: Two barefooted boys in passing over a piece of marsh were interviewed by a man and before they could reach the shore they were in the water, and one of them, with rare thoughtfulness in a lad, tied a string about the toe so tightly as to stop the circulation of the blood; then went to the doctor, and the boy will probably recover.  
**General News.**  
J. Q. Howard, appraiser at the port of New York, is being investigated.  
The venerable Archbishop Purcell is said to be much improved in health.  
The peach crop in Delaware and Maryland is said to be larger than ever before.  
It is proposed to erect a national library building at Washington, to cost \$60,000.  
Hannay Tension, son of the poet, is about to wed a daughter of the Duke of Argyll.  
The Senate has confirmed the nominations of the members of the new tariff commission.  
The fifth great well in the Garfield, Pa., oil region has been struck, and yields 1,600 barrels a day.  
The Mesquero Indians, a tribe of Apaches, are again making trouble. Troops have been sent after them.  
The United States are estimated to produce 30 per cent of the grain of the world and 31 per cent of the meat.  
Twenty-seven Apache Indians who were captured in a recent fight by the Mexicans, were taken out and shot.  
The business failures in the United States the past week number 95, a considerable decrease from the usual number.  
The tax on bonded whiskey now in United States warehouses amounts to \$76,500,000.  
The bulk of it will soon be due.  
Last week lightning destroyed the marble altar on the Confederate monument at Columbia, S. C. It cost \$6,000 in Italy.  
Fitzgerald, the hunko man who tried to swindle Charles Francis Adams, has been sentenced to the State Prison for five years.  
There are about 440,000 tons of lead annual produced in the world, and the United States furnish one quarter of the amount.  
Joseph Sullivan, for twenty years a prominent member of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, died at Columbus on Saturday.  
The sum of \$181,051.66 has been voted by the House to pay the claims of the Potawatamie Indians in Michigan and Indiana.  
Canadian papers say a mountain of ochre, a rich, dark yellow color and very soft, has been discovered near Prince Arthur's Landing.  
Prof. W. J. Land, former State chemist of Georgia, committed suicide at Atlanta by shooting himself with a pistol. He was insane.  
One of the flowing oil wells at Garfield, Pa., took fire the other day, and the first day it burned some \$7,000 worth of oil was destroyed.  
The organization of old soldiers who served during the recent rebellion, known as the Grand Army of the Republic, now numbers over 100,000.  
A letter from Fort McKinney, Texas, states that cattle valued at \$13,500,000 are now grazing in what was six years ago absolutely an Indian country.  
Wind storms in some cases accompanied by rain or hail, caused great damage and some loss of life in Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota Saturday morning.  
Gen. Gallway, of the British army, has arrived in this country to study American military tactics, his expenses being paid by the British Government.  
During a circus performance at Cazenovia, N. Y., yesterday, O. A. Herberich was killed and Lewis Thomas fatally injured by the breaking of a trapeze.  
Geo. Mitchell, wife and sister, while out riding last week, were shot and killed by ambushers. Mitchell was wounded and his sister fatally injured.  
The people of Kansas, under the forestry

laws of the State, have planted 98,000 acacia trees, the cottonwood is the most abundant and it grows the most rapidly.  
The Scientific American says the whole secret of the Keely motor is simply the introduction of condensed air through concealed pipes which connect it with the condenser.  
By the overturning of a coach on a California turnpike on Saturday last, a pleasure party of young people were thrown out, four of them killed. Three others were badly injured.  
A hurricane last week at Independence, Ia., unroofed buildings, leveled trees and fences, and did great damage to property. A circus tent was demolished and three men are reported killed.  
Col. Ingersoll, is said to have lost \$50,000 in mining stocks, which goes to show that a man may be as eloquent as Demosthenes, but know no more about mining affairs than a spring chicken.  
City Marshall Brown, of Caldwell, Ka., was shot and killed last week while attempting to break up a gambling house. He was evidently in the water for several months. Identification was impossible, and it was buried where it was found.  
The House has voted to adjourn on the 10th of July, but it is expected that the Senate will put the date a week or two later, and the necessities of legislation may delay the adjournment until August 1.  
The parliamentary elections in Canada resulted in the endorsement of the government party and the national policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, though the opposition made slight gains in representation.  
Some 60,000 Chinese employed in Cuba have asked permission to pass through the United States on their way home, but the Chinese have decided that under the recent Chinese bill the request cannot be granted.  
Joseph S. Sanborn, of New York, shot himself the other day because he could no longer get employment as a clerk. He retired from business ten years ago with a fortune of \$200,000. He held it in Wall Street speculations.  
Gen. A. Buford, of Kentucky, who has been preaching no religion and thoroughbred horses since his conversion, says that the Rev. Mr. Talmage is stealing his sermons. He proposes to make it warm for his reverence.  
The falling off in exports of provisions has been very large during the last few months; having dropped from \$81,376,823 during the first months ending May 31, 1881, to \$59,310,414 during the seven months ending May 31, 1882.  
The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has decided that a passenger cannot recover damages for injuries received by him in jumping from a train while in motion, even in case the train did not stop at the station for which the passenger held a ticket.  
The wreck of the tow boat Iron Mountain, supposed to have been sunk in 100 feet of water and become a wreck, is reported to have been found intact in an open field near Oswego, Miss., from which the floods have just receded.  
O. E. Owen, receiving teller of the Third National Bank of St. Louis, has been charged with embezzling \$150,000. Owen confessed that for ten years he had been stealing from the bank to pay margins on cotton and grain deals, principally on the St. Louis Board.  
Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa, addressed a meeting in Chicago on Wednesday last in behalf of the sufferers from the recent cyclone. A subscription list was started, and J. V. Farwell headed it with a check for \$200. The committee was started out to secure further contributions, and are meeting with good success.  
The federal land office has sold and given away in the fiscal year just closing 13,000,000 acres, the largest amount in the history of the States out of their grants, and by railroad, and at least 17,000,000 acres have passed from public to private ownership by sales. During the last year, an area half as large as Pennsylvania.  
Guteau has been informed of the refusal of the President to grant him a reprieve. The assassin affected indifference to this decision, but called at the White House and inquired into the matter. He was told that the President was not to be trifled with, and he has announced that he will not accept of the decision of the court should be interfered with.  
**Foreign.**  
The extra 10 per cent added to the Russian tariff in 1880 will be abolished after July.  
A conference of European powers is in progress at Constantinople on Egyptian affairs.  
A movement for the severance of Norway from Sweden and for the establishment of a republic is assuming large proportions.  
Forty-nine persons, some of them prominent in military circles, have been arrested in Russia, charged with being nihilists.  
Special police are guarding the premises of the London Times, owing to the receipt of a threatening letter purporting to come from the Fenian association.  
The English silk trade is more depressed than for the last 25 years. Hundreds of silk weavers have left Lancashire for America, the result of free trade.  
The Governor of Sierra Leone has killed 20 natives of Martio, a neighboring island, for plundering one of his boats and firing on the officers sent to arrest them.  
Canon Leon Bernard, who recently defrauded religious Belgian societies out of \$2,000,000 francs, has been arrested at Havana and 15,800,000 francs were recovered.  
A syndicate of Moscow capitalists has been formed to promote the cultivation of cotton in central Asia and will engage American experts to superintend the business.  
A recent religious census in Prussia shows that that country contains 17,645,462 protestants, 9,305,136 catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,518 dissenters, and 23,000 persons professing no religion.  
The Russian diplomatic agents have joined those of Germany, Austria and Italy in support of the new Egyptian ministry, while France and England have refused to have any intercourse with them.  
It is understood that negotiations for a treaty of commerce between Spain and Great Britain have been suspended, owing to England demanding too great concessions relative to her manufactures.  
Recent reports from England announce that Queen Victoria now weighs 300 pounds. We don't know how much Queen Victoria weighs, but presume that this is a creditable showing for her Britannic Majesty.  
A new society of Irish mobsters and land owners has been formed to secure the proper culture of the neglected farm, a legitimate business with a capital of \$750,000. Already a guarantee fund of \$125,000 has been subscribed.  
The enthusiasm of the Jews through Russia and Roumania is daily growing, and a great scale to Palestine is daily growing. In Roumania \$250,000, and in Russia a very much larger sum, has been subscribed in aid of the movement.  
WATERMELONS made their appearance in the St. Louis market on the 10th. The shipment came from Texas, but the weather was so unseasonably cold that prices ruled extremely low, for first arrivals, being only \$35 to \$35 per hundred.  
Take Simmons Liver Regulator to improve the appetite, to strengthen the system, to stimulate the liver, to cleanse the skin of its yellowness, to remove boils and pimples, and cause new life in the blood.

STATE AND DISTRICT FAIRS OF 1882.			
Name of Society.	Where Held.	Date of Fair.	Secretary.
MICHIGAN STATE AG. SOC'Y	JACKSON	SEPT. 18 to 22	J. C. STERLING
Michigan State Horticultural Soc'y	Jackson	September 18 to 22	C. W. Garfield
Ohio State Agricultural Society	Columbus	Aug. 28 to Sept. 1	J. W. Chamberlain
Indiana Agricultural Society	Indianapolis	Sept. 2 to 5	Alexander Heron
North Eastern Indiana Ag. Soc'y	Wabash	September 25 to 29	A. R. Stevens
Western Michigan Agricultural Society	Grand Rapids	September 25 to 29	James C. Grier
Eastern Mich. Agricultural Society	Ypsilanti	September 25 to 29	Frank Joslin
Central Mich. Agricultural Society	Lansing	September 25 to 29	B. B. Baker
Northwestern District	East Saginaw	September 25 to 29	Samuel Howard
Illinois Agricultural Society	Peoria	September 25 to 29	S. D. Fisher
Wisconsin Agricultural Society	Fond du Lac	September 11 to 16	Geo. E. Bryant
Ag. Soc'y of the State of Pa.	Des Moines	September 1 to 5	J. R. Shaffer
Pennsylvania Agricultural Society	Pittsburg	September 1 to 5	D. W. Seller
Nebraska Agricultural Society	Omaha	September 1 to 5	Daniel Wheeler
Kansas Agricultural Society	Topeka	September 1 to 5	Geo. Y. Johnson
Capital State Fair Association	Austin, Texas	October 17 to 21	Chas. H. Clark
Minnesota Ag. & Mech. Assoc.	Minneapolis	September 4 to 6	C. Bartholomew
Montana Ag. & Mech. Association	Helena	September 25 to 30	Francis Pope
Idaho Agricultural Society	Toronto (Canada) Exposition	September 1 to 5	B. B. Wood
St. Louis Ag. & Mechanical Soc'y	St. Louis	October 2 to 7	G. O. Kabb
New England Agricultural Society	Little Rock	September 6 to 8	Daniel Needham
Arkansas State Fair Association	Little Rock	October 16 to 19	B. Y. Yeake
Minnesota Mining & Industrial Soc'y	Denver, Col.	August 1 to Oct. 1	T. Armstrong
Carbondale Fair Association	Carbondale	October 9 to 13	Sam T. Brush
Harrison County Ag. Society	Cynthiana, Ky.	August 22 to 26	J. C. Grubb
Steuben County Ag. Society	Angola, Ind.	October 10 to 14	B. F. Davison

COUNTY FAIRS OF 1882.			
Name of Society.	Where Held.	Date of Fair.	Secretary.
Armada County Ag. Soc'y	Armada	October 4 to 6	J. E. Barringer
Bay do do	Bay City	September 20 to 22	E. T. Bennett
Benzie do do	Benzie	September 20 to 22	W. H. H. H.
Cass do do	Cassopolis	September 20 to 22	L. H. Glover
Charlevoix do do	St. Johns	September 20 to 22	H. P. Adams
Chippewa do do	Marshall	September 20 to 22	Essex Pray
Crawford do do	Charlevoix	September 20 to 22	Essex Pray
Grand Traverse do do	Traverse City	September 12 to 15	H. P. Campbell
Grafton do do	Flint	October 4 to 6	John H. Hickok
Hillsdale do do	Hillsdale	October 4 to 6	H. P. Miller
Ingham do do	Isabella	September 25 to 28	L. E. Rowley
Ionia do do	Ionia	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Isabella do do	Isabella	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Livingston do do	Howell	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Macomb do do	Richmond	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Manistee do do	Manistee	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Montcalm do do	Stanton	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Monroe do do	Monroe	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Muskegon do do	St. Ignace	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Nottawa do do	Nottawa	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Oakland do do	Oakland	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Oscoda do do	Oscoda	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
San Benito do do	San Benito	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Tacoma do do	Tacoma	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Tuolumac do do	Tuolumac	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Van Buren do do	Van Buren	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Washtenaw do do	Washtenaw	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Wayne do do	Wayne	September 25 to 28	H. P. Cole
Stockbridge Agricultural Society	Stockbridge	October 10 to 12	S. F. Reynolds
Easton Baptist do do	Easton	October 10 to 12	S. F. Reynolds
Union do do	Union	October 10 to 12	S. F. Reynolds
St. Jo. Valley Union do do	St. Jo. Valley	October 10 to 12	S. F. Reynolds
Lincoln (Allison) County Union	Lincoln	October 10 to 12	S. F. Reynolds

# NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

# FARMERS OF MICHIGAN!

It is for your individual interests to have the capital invested in your farms made to produce nearly double the amount you have been receiving for the last few years.

To enable you to do this we call your attention to the use of

# L. L. Crocker's Buffalo Honest Fertilizer.

It is the most reliable and satisfactory, and now largely used by the farmers of OHIO, PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK, VERMONT, MARYLAND and other States. Thousands of testimonials of its worth and great success have been furnished by those using it. It has never failed to do what it promises.

If you have no agent in your town or vicinity, send for circular and information to the proprietor, 60 Pearl St., Buffalo, New York.

# L. L. CROCKER.

# CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL

WITH OR WITHOUT Fertilizer Attachment, Spring Hoes or Corn Planter.

# Force Feed Grass Seeder.

Every Fertilizer Drill warranted to sow evenly, evenly and accurately any of the various kinds of Phosphates or Guano Wet or Dry.

The only Grain Drill having a Special Device for Planting Corn for the Crop

No GRAIN DRILL in the market can perform so great a variety of work. Many thousands in use. Send for DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET to

JOHNSON, CERE & TRUMAN, 81 & 83 Merwin St., Cleveland, Ohio.

# HEADQUARTERS

# - FOR -

# CARPETS

All Kinds & Styles, From 20c per Yard upward

# - A T -

# ROBT & LUTHELM'S,

141, 143 & 145 Woodward Ave.,

DETROIT, MICH.

# THE PATENT DUPLEX INJECTOR.

The Best Boiler Feeder Known.

Always Reliable. Requires no adjustment. Will take water under Pressure. Will lift Water 25 feet. Will start when Injector is hot. Least liable to get out of order than a pump. Easier managed than any Injector known.

Manufactured and For Sale by

JAMES JENKS, Dealer in all kinds of Machinery, 16 & 18 ATWATER ST., DETROIT.

# HERCULES POWDER!

FOR Stump Blasting! ISRAEL B. NORCROSS, Agent, With T. B. Spencer, Hardware & Stoves, 212 Genesee St., East Saginaw, Mich.

# NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

# THE PEOPLE HAVE PROCLAIMED THE CLYDESDALE King of Draft Horses.

Others are on the march from Scotland already received.

# POWELL BROS.,

Springboro, Crawford Co., Penn.

Largest and finest collection in the world of Clydesdale stallions, the best bred, best built, and also an importation of the choicest Percheron-Normans to be found. Breeders of Trotting-Bred Roadsters, and importers and breeders of Devon Cattle. Rare individual excellence and choicest pedigree our specialties, at the same time offering animals whose constitutional vigor, energies and stamina have been improved by high feeding, and over-fattening, being guaranteed to give prompt attention and all information cheerfully given.

# A. J. MURPHY,

Breeder of Pure-bred Recorded Poland China Swine, Plainwell or Silver Creek, Michigan. My breeding stock are all from the herds of Levi Arnold, Plainwell, and C. W. Jones, Richland. Pigs are all first class, sired by U. S. of Riverside and Arnold's Slates. Sams was bred by C. W. Jones, who sold him to Levi Arnold, from whom I purchased him. Correspondence will receive prompt attention and all information cheerfully given.

# SHORTHORNS For Sale.

Bulls, heifers, calves and cows. Choice milking strains. All Herd Book registered. Will be sold very reasonable at private sale.

B. J. BOWMAN, Plainwell, Mich.

# STOCK AUCTIONEER.

FRANCIS GRAHAM, Thoroughbred Stock and general auctioneer. Office 85 Griswold Street, Detroit, Mich. Sales conducted throughout the State. Well posted in pedigrees and breeding.

# Shorthorn Bull For Sale

The fine Shorthorn bull 3d Lord of Erythron 3070, having been used in our herd as long as possible, we now offer at all times a good stock in color, was calved July 9, 1877, and bred by Frederick W. Stone, of Guelph, Ont. Sire, 8th Airline No. 44, and dam like quality. For particulars address CHAS. SWANN, Farmer for Hiram Walker & Sons, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

# Jerseys.

W. J. DEAN, Oaklawn Herd, Hanover, Mich. Stock of the Alpines and other noted strains for sale. All stock of fine families of the Club Register. Prices very reasonable for quality of stock.

# Holsteins.

PHILIPS & SHELLEY, importers and breeders of Holstein Cattle. Post office, Plainwell, Farmington, Mich. R. R. Station, Plainwell, Mich. Correspondence solicited.

W. K. SEXTON, Howell, importer and breeder of Thoroughbred Holstein Cattle. Stock of fine families for sale. Correspondence solicited.

# Underwood, Addison, Mich. Breeder of A. and dealer in Holstein cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

# Callows.

R. S. CARUS, Essex, Clinton Co., Michigan, R. R. Station, Plainwell, Mich. Breeder of American Merino Sheep and Essex Hogs. Correspondence solicited.

# Herefords.

BROOK FARM HEREFORDS, David Clark, Proprietor, Leape, Correspondence solicited.

# A. Z. BLODGETT,

WAUKESHA, ILL., importer and breeder of CLYDESDALE HORSES, Stock for sale. Send for catalogue.

W. W. STARKY, Farmville, breeder and importer of thoroughbred horses. Fine trotting stock always on hand and for sale.

# SHEEP.—Merinos.

J. H. THOMPSON, Grand Blanc, Michigan, Breeder of Registered Merinos of Abwed stock, descendants of most noted families of fine bred animals. Size, form and density of fleece a specialty.



## Poetry.

## GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

"Twas a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning,  
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore;  
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?"  
Have those scolding Indians come to murder us once more!"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,  
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar.  
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,  
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,  
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;  
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute—"  
For a minute then I started. I was gone the live-long day.

No time for bodice-lacing for looking-glass grimacing;  
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half way to my heels;  
God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing,  
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stamping  
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore.  
With a knot of women round him,—"it was lucky I had found him,"  
So I followed with the others, and the corporal marched before.

Then the corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tattle)—  
He had heard the bullets whistle in the old French war before—  
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing—  
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty floor away.

"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillings,  
But ye'll waste a ton of powder before a 'rebel' falls!  
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as Dan! Malcolm  
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe of trepidation,  
Of the dread approaching moment, we are well nigh breathless all;  
Though the red-baiters are falling on the rickety battery railing,  
We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Oh! the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows over—  
The red-coats stretched in windrows as the mow-er rakes his lying;  
Heroes scatter hisp in lying, there a headlong crowd is flying  
Like a blow that has broken and has shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are best, it can't be doubted!  
God be thanked, the fight is over!" Ah! the grim old soldier's smile!  
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly speak, we shook so)  
"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? Are they beaten?" "Wait a while."

It has all been told and painted; as for me they say I fainted,  
And the wooden-legged old corporal stumped with me down the stair.  
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps were lighted,  
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for W.A.S. next! hurry, hurry!  
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and dress his wound!"  
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and sorrow,  
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place from which he came was,  
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him at our door,  
He could not speak to us; but 'twas one of our brave fellows,  
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying as they gathered round him crying,  
And they said, "Oh, how they'll miss him!" and "What will his mother do?"  
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been sleeping,  
He faintly murmured, "Mother!"—and I saw his eyes were blue.

"Why, grandma, how you're winking!"—Ah, my child, it sets me thinking  
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived along;  
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a mother,  
Till at last he died before me, tall and rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer weather;  
"Please to tell us what his name was?"—Just your own, my little dear—  
There's his picture Copley painted; we became so fond of it,  
That—in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children all are here!

## Miscellaneous.

## THE PRINCESS OF FLIRTS.

"Well, she is a demure little soul," said Keith Verner, "and not much of a beauty certainly."  
Upon which Mrs. Verner replied with decision: "She is quite as much of a beauty, my dear, as there is any need for her to be." And the young man, at that response, laughed.

They were speaking of some one who had just left the room—Miss Prudence Hart, a young person who had entered the Verners' family only days before, to fill the post of companion to Mrs. Verner's only daughter, Mabel. Mabel Verner was nineteen, and was not in very robust health. She was a little fainful, too, and had of late developed a certain fretfulness, with which her mother, who was an active and cheerful woman, had not much sympathy.

"The child tries me exceedingly," she had often said to her husband. "She has everything to make her happy, and yet she is not happy. I wonder," she had suggested one day, lately, "how it would answer to give her some companion of her own age?"

"What, another girl?" asked Mr. Verner. "Well, that is not a bad idea."

"I have had it in my mind for some

time," continued Mrs. Verner, thoughtfully. "The only objection is that there might be some difficulty with the boys."  
"Oh, not the least fear of that!" exclaimed her husband in a tone of amazement. "The boys, you may be sure, would like it."

"I have little doubt that they would like it," Mrs. Verner answered, shortly. "What I fear is that they might like it too well. If it were not that they are so little here—"

"Ah, yes, that makes all the difference," he assented.  
"If they were living at home I should not think of such an arrangement for a moment, but seeing how much they are away, I am disposed to think that the plan might be tried; especially if we could find some quiet girl, not very good-looking," said Mrs. Verner.

And then something of the nature of a protest rose to her husband's lips; but, on reflection, he did not utter it.  
Soon after this, Mrs. Verner, having consulted with her daughter, and received Mabel's assent to her scheme, began to make known amongst her acquaintances that she wished to receive into her house some young person of a modest and staid demeanor, in consequence of which numerous young persons were proposed to her, and from amongst these various candidates she finally selected one who seemed in a happy degree to combine the several qualifications that she most desired to secure. For, by the lady who recommended her, Prudence Hart was certified to be cheerful, clever, domestic, of a sweet temper, and with regard to propriety and modesty of deportment, all that the most anxious mother could demand.

And then, to sum up all, she was not handsome. Mrs. Verner saw her with her own eyes, and could testify to the fact. "A pleasant face; yes, I should call it decidedly pleasant, healthy and fresh, but with no pretensions to good looks," she stated with decision to her husband, speaking of Miss Hart before the young lady took up her abode with them. "A nice, plain, retiring, lady-like looking girl—just the sort of person I had in my mind. Mrs. Prescott speaks of her in the warmest way. She says we shall find she will be a comfort to us all."

"Well, that is, I suppose, assuming we shall be in need of comfort," suggested Mr. Verner, but his wife did not respond to this uncalculated remark.  
It was turning dark on a spring evening when the fly, that had brought Miss Hart and her luggage from the station, drew up before Mrs. Verner's hall door.

"Will you take my two portmanteaus in if you please? The fare is three-and-sixpence," said the young lady, and paid the money and entered the house.  
The next moment she saw Mabel coming across the hall to meet her, and she put out her hand with a little smile.

"How do you do?" Mabel said. "I am afraid you are cold. We had hoped you would come by an earlier train, you know."  
"This has been a very nice train," answered Prudence, "and I like arriving at places in the evening."

And then Mabel took her to her mother, who was waiting to receive her in the drawing-room.  
Miss Hart was a young woman of apparently two or three and twenty, with a placid, rounded face and glossy hair, divided in the middle, and put smoothly back from a broad, low forehead. The forehead and head were good, and the eyes fairly handsome, but the rest of the features were homely enough.

"Call her plain, decidedly," Mabel said, after she had been in her company for an hour.  
"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "I told you she was plain; but I don't consider that that is any drawback."  
And then Mabel said, "Perhaps not," but thought at the same time in her heart that it was a drawback, for Mabel was pretty herself, and cared enough for her beauty to fancy that life would not be worth much without it.

The day after Miss Hart's arrival, the girls spent a good deal of time together, and Mabel found her new companion pleasant enough. "She talks a good deal when she is alone with me," she told her mother, "and she can be amusing too. I rather like her. I daresay, you know, she feels less shy with me than she does with papa and you."

"Very probably," answered Mrs. Verner suavely. "That is only natural." And she went presently to her desk, and wrote a grateful note to Mrs. Prescott, telling her that Miss Hart had arrived, and that so far she gave entire satisfaction.

"And certainly I have every reason as yet to be pleased with the result of our experiment," she said complacently to her husband at night.  
To which Mr. Verner replied, "H'm—she is an odd little person. She won't contribute very much, I suspect, to the general liveliness of the house."

"She will contribute probably quite as much to it as is desirable she should do," replied Mrs. Verner with emphasis. A prominent, showy sort of girl would not, I consider, have been at all the kind of person to suit us."

"Well, no—no, I daresay not," assented Mr. Verner. "I only meant to say that she was not particularly attractive."  
"And is there any necessity," inquired his wife, "why she should be particularly attractive? It seems to me that there is every reason, on the contrary, why she should be rather the reverse. There's Keith, remember, coming out to-morrow night—"

"Well, my dear, you need give yourself no concern about Keith. He won't be smitten with her," replied Mr. Verner, and went his way laughing.  
And in fact, when Keith Verner came out the following evening, he was certainly not smitten with her.

Keith was the eldest of Mr. Verner's two sons; the other was named Godfrey, and they were both at this time walking the hospitals in London. But though they lived in London, they came down nearly always once a week to their father's house at Tunbridge Wells, and sometimes even more frequently.

On this occasion Keith had come out by himself, and before he took his leave next morning he said to his sister Mabel, "I don't think much of your new friend."  
"I believe there turns the compliment," replied Mabel, "for to judge by what she has said, I should not imagine that she thought much of you."

"What do you mean she has said?" inquired Keith, pricking up his ears at this, and rather taken aback, for the young man set some store on himself.  
And then Mabel laughed, and informed him by degrees that Miss Hart had asked if he was not contented, and rather idle, and had also implied a suspicion in regard to the depth of his acquirements—which, with sisterly frankness, Mabel remarked that she did not consider ill-founded by any means.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Keith, with what was perhaps in the circumstances, not unnatural warmth.  
"Oh, she is very acute," said Mabel. "You would not think it, but she notices a good many things."

"And apparently she imagines a good many more," retorted Keith; and then, not having more time to spare, he curtly bid good-by to his sister, and hurried to his train. But as he walked hastily down the road he did not forget Miss Hart. "The impertinent little minx!" he said to himself. "That is the worst of these half-bred people; they mistake flippancy for wit; and, now that Mabel has got it into her head that this girl is clever, I foresee there will be no end to the way in which she will encourage her. But wait till I see her again!" And with this vague menace, which conveyed a certain sense of satisfaction to him, Keith bent his steps back to town.

A couple of days afterward, at the end of the week, the two brothers came down to Tunbridge Wells together.  
"I don't think much of that girl my mother has brought into the house," Keith had already said to Godfrey. "I don't know how others may feel, but to me she seems no lady."

"Well, half the governesses going are not ladies, you know," returned Godfrey. "This girl is not a governess exactly, I suppose; but it's all one."  
"I think that they should have been more particular in their choice," said Keith. "There are plenty of nice girls they might have got. Miss Hart, to begin with, is as ugly as sin."

"That is a bad business anyway," replied Godfrey.  
And impressed by this fact, when Saturday came he went down to his father's, not expecting to experience much delight from his introduction to his sister's friend.

But Keith, on his part, felt a decided curiosity to see the young lady again. It had become quite clear to his mind that a girl who was capable of speaking about Mabel in the way in which Mabel had asserted she had spoken, was a girl who required to be taken down, and he was eager, with the natural eagerness of a virtuous mind, to set himself about this necessary work. So he began by greeting her when they met in the most chilling way, and then kept his attention on the alert, that he might be ready, whenever the first opportunity offered, to put her down as she deserved.

But the hours passed, and Miss Hart was so quiet that the opportunity for which he watched was slow to come. She sat at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room, the most unobtrusive of women, hardly speaking unless she was addressed, and speaking then in the most modest way. She was bright and alert, but her alertness showed itself in acts, not words; she was quick to perform little services, to bring a footstool to his mother's feet, to place his father's newspaper beside him, to play Mabel's accompaniments when she sang, and set in order the things Mabel left away; but all this was done in the quietest way, and accompanied for the most part only by little deprecating, inquiring, grateful or kindly smiles, that it would have been next to impossible to take offense at.

"She seems to get on very well with them all, certainly," Keith thought to himself, "and to be very amiable and well-meaning. If it were not that Mabel is a girl who tells the truth—"

But then Mabel essentially was a girl who told the truth, and so Keith was perplexed.  
Late in the evening he came suddenly on Miss Hart standing alone out of doors by the verandah, looking at the stars. This seemed to him odd, for he was not romantic, and never went star-gazing himself; in fact, her occupation appeared to him so queer a one that he peered at her inquiringly when he came upon her in the dark, and said, "Hallo!" He had come out to smoke a cigar and was not thinking of the stars.

"Why—I say, aren't you cold here?" he exclaimed next moment.  
"Cold in this sweet air?" she asked. She looked at him and laughed. "I have been fainting indoors with your closed windows all night."

"Well, you have not looked like it, then," he replied bluntly.  
"You are saying that at hazard. You don't know how I have looked," the young lady rejoined.

"Why should I not know? Do you think I have not eyes?" he asked.  
And then she laughed again, very softly and with a peculiar tone, and made no other response.

She was rather a small woman, with a firm rounded figure, not sylph-like, but pretty in its way, and she dressed well. She had been standing in the shadow when he first spoke to her, but she came out a step or two beyond the verandah after his last question, and as the night was not a dark one, he could see something of her face then.

He waited for a few moments after she had laughed, looked at her as he waited with some attention, and then—  
"I don't see the fun," he abruptly said. "Very likely not," she answered. "I did not expect that you would."

"Well, upon my word!" said Keith. Perhaps, as Prudence Hart had chosen to say, Keith Verner was conceited, but there were enough good qualities in him, in spite of his conceit, to make him like-

able. He was tall, and well-looking; he was in general kindly and pleasant. It was, to tell the truth, something rather new to him to find himself snubbed, and above all it was new to find himself snubbed by a girl whose natural attitude toward him ought, as he considered, to be one of deference and respect. He looked at her for a moment, and then made up his mind that the thing must be put a stop to. She mistook her place. He was a gentleman, as he was abundantly aware, and she was not quite a lady; he must therefore give a lesson to her.

So he let the better part of a minute pass, and then, having taken that time to arrange his words, he delivered himself of a grave and, as he flattered himself, a rather dignified speech.

"I don't know from what you draw your conclusions, Miss Hart," he said, "but, seeing that you have only been acquainted with me for a short time, will you allow me to say that I think you assume in yourself a power of judging me that I am obliged to request the liberty to dispute?"

"What makes you suppose that I assume any power of judging you?" she replied to this address, composedly, but bringing her eyes as she spoke with rather a sudden movement down to his face from the stars. "You did it just now," he said quickly, and then he added, not perhaps quite wisely, "and you have done it before."

"Indeed?" she returned inquiringly.  
"I think you can hardly deny it," he said.  
"If you will tell me to what you refer"—she spoke quite pleasantly—"then perhaps I shall be able to understand you."

"I refer to the opinion which you did me the honor to express about me to my sister a few days ago."  
"And which she has repeated to you?" "Yes, she has repeated it to me?" "As she has also to me repeated yours about myself. Mr. Keith, I am very happy to be able to meet your charge with a countercharge." And then Miss Hart softly chafed her hands, and laughed in his face.

Keith, who did not relish being made ridiculous, felt very hot while Miss Hart's mocking little laugh rang on the air, and if he could have said something to silence her he would unquestionably have said it with a will; but sharp-edged words unhappily will not always come at need, and so in the sudden pause while he remained discomfited, Miss Hart first amused herself with her mocking laughter, and then, being for her own part quite cool and mistress of herself, proceeded quietly to make another speech.

"I always find that it is wisest to have very clean hands before I indulge in accusations," she said. "But, perhaps, Mr. Keith, you are too young to have learnt that lesson yet? If so, you ought to be grateful to me for teaching it to you. And now I will go in, and leave you to smoke your cigar in peace."

And she went accordingly, quite unmoved by the clumsy "Oh come! I say!" which were the only ejaculations that the exigency of the moment had power to force from Keith's unready lips.

He said to himself presently: "I'll be even with her yet!" But for the remainder of this evening, at any rate, she gave him no chance of being even with her. When he saw her next, she was kneeling at his mother's feet, picking up a stitch that Mrs. Verner had dropped in her knitting, with such an expression of sweet absorption in her face that she looked an incarnation of all the domestic virtues, and never until she had bade him good-night, either purposely or by accident, did she allow herself to come within speaking distance of him again.

He, on his part, however, was pursued a good deal by the thought of her, and found himself watching her almost against his will. Also, which was curious, when Mabel spoke to him next about Miss Hart, as she did upon the following morning, exclaiming on her character with much frankness, she walked by his side to church, he made no return of confidences, and Mabel remained in complete ignorance of the little passage-at-arms that he and Prudence had had together the previous night. In fact, he made no mention at all of that encounter in the garden.

"You have seen so little of her yet," Mabel said to him; "but in spite of her plainness, I do really think you will like her in time, for I am sure she is clever. You have no idea how observant she is! I am afraid to tell mamma, for I am not sure if she would like it; but she is sure a mimic that she sometimes makes me die of laughing. It is a pity that she is not prettier, is it not? I think sometimes that if she were nice-looking she would be very effective. You consider her quite plain, I suppose?" said Mabel, looking up inquiringly to Keith's face, and perhaps not longing very ardently to hear her suggestion disallowed.

But Keith hesitated a little.  
"Oh, well, I don't know. I thought her plain at first," she said. "But she has good points, you know."

"She has good eyes," said Mabel dubiously.  
"Yes, and she knows it!" exclaimed Keith, with enough fervor to make Mabel open her own fine orbs.

"What makes you think that?" she asked rather quickly.  
"Oh, I meant nothing. I thought she played them off a little—that is all," he said.

"You don't mean in a coquettish way?" asked Mabel severely. "If you think that you are wrong altogether. Oh, no," and she shook her head with decision; "she is no coquette. She does not care about men a bit."

"Has she told you so?" asked Keith bluntly.  
"Yes, of course she has," said Mabel. "But I should know it even without her saying anything. She is always laughing at them. She does not care in the least about getting married. Perhaps, to be sure," added Miss Verner reflectively, "that may be partly because she does not think she is likely to have any lovers."

Keith did not have any talk with Miss Hart during the morning of this day, but rather late in the afternoon, as he happened at one time to be crossing the hall, he heard a sound of singing coming from the drawing-room, and putting his head cautiously in at the half open door, he perceived Prudence's small figure seated on the music-stool. On which he debated with himself for two or three moments, and at the end of that time entered, and listened till the song ceased.

He had come in, as he thought, in the most noiseless way, but yet the young lady by the time her performance ended, seemed to be quite conscious of his presence, for without turning her head, she said, as she struck the final chord.  
"That is Handel. But I don't sing well. You ought not to listen to me."

"Then you should not sing in a room with the door open," he replied.  
"I left the door open in order to keep people away," she said.  
"Well, you see," he answered, "it has had the opposite effect." And then, as he moved a little closer to her he laughed, and added, "Which perhaps does not surprise you very much."

But if he had had any hope that this retort would embarrass her, he was disappointed. She merely looked at him for a moment, with, apparently, an entire want of comprehension in her eyes, and then, vouchsafing no reply, rose and began to survey her hands.

"I shall never play well. I can't, you see," she said. "They are too small."  
"They are very small, certainly," he answered. And then he looked at them too. "Very small, and—very pretty."  
"They are like my mother's," she said pensively.

"Have you got a mother?" he asked.  
She shook her head and sighed.  
"Oh, no; I was unhappy enough to lose her long ago," she replied. "She died when I was quite a child. And I have lost my father too. I am both fatherless and motherless."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Keith sympathetically.  
He did really for the moment feel sorry for her. It was so clear that she needed somebody to look after her, he thought.

She had folded her hands and was standing gazing thoughtfully on the ground. They were both silent for a few moments, during which he occupied himself in regarding her, and then—beginning to find the silence a little awkward—  
"Well, I hope you will be comfortable here," he said abruptly and good-naturedly. "It won't be my mother's fault, I think, if you don't soon feel at home."

"Oh, no, I don't think it will; I believe that thoroughly," she replied with earnestness. "Your family have been very kind to me, Mr. Keith. Your mother, and your father, and Mabel have all been kindness itself. Even your brother Godfrey was good enough to talk to me for a quarter of an hour last night quite affably."

Poor Keith's blood mounted to his face. If the soft little fingers had slapped his cheek he could hardly have felt more hot.  
"Now—I say!" he broke out, stammering, "upon my word that's too bad! And you mean to say that I am the only one—that I treat you differently from all the rest?"

"Oh no—I am saying nothing about you at all," she replied, lifting up her eyes suddenly with a smile in them that seemed to him as cold as a steel blade. "That would be a piece of presumption, after your rebuke last night, that I should be sorry to be guilty of."

"Miss Hart, you are an awfully sarcastic woman!" he exclaimed. "How is one ever to know how to have you? To say such a thing as that to a fellow is enough to knock him down."

"There is not the least fear of your being knocked down," she replied with a little sudden scornful laugh. "Some people's words, I daresay, might have an effect of that kind upon you, but not mine."

But all at once, as she made this answer, she smiled, and the smile had a curious unexpected sweetness in it that struck the young man with surprise. For a moment the face that he had been calling plain looked, to his eyes, almost beautiful. And then, before he had more than half recovered from this first change in her, there came a second, which completed his amazement.

"You seem to look upon me as a very designing person," she said abruptly, with her eyes, full of their new expression, fixed on his face, "and instead of that I am only a lonely girl, who has been left to herself a great deal, and who has no home except what your people give me, and no friends except—"

And then she stopped, and the pause and the unfinished sentence were very eloquent. But before he could reply she had suddenly passed by him, and slipped through the open French window, and was lost to view.

After this Keith spent a quiet evening. The girls went to church again, but he did not go any more to church. They did not, however, lack an attendant on their way back, for Godfrey, when service was over, appeared at the church door, and escorted them home. "I thought you were going over to Mr. Marshall's, Godfrey?" Mabel said to him, when he met them, but the young man only laughed and answered that he had changed his mind. And then set himself at Prudence's side, and talked to her, and Mabel took her walk home, listening and perhaps in some surprise.

The next morning, as the two young men went back to town, Godfrey said abruptly to his brother, with a laugh—  
"Well, I think my mother has caught a Tartar. Of all the uncompromising ideas I ever came across, I have never known one to beat that girl!"

"Oh—what—you think that too, do you?" said Keith. "Why? Has she been talking to you?"  
"Talking to me! I should just say she had," answered Godfrey.

"But I don't know when you were together," said Keith quickly. "I never saw you with her."  
"What does that prove? I never saw you with her," retorted Godfrey.

And then Keith, knowing that undoubtedly, as far as he was concerned, that fact proved nothing, held his peace.  
"I think certainly she is a flirt," he agreed after a few moments silence; "and it is a pity, for the others don't seem to have a notion of it."

"Well, it will do them no harm not to know. Don't you say anything to them," exclaimed Godfrey, "for she is splendid fun. What a pretty little mix she is, too! I thought with you at first that she was plain, but, by Jove, she knows how to make the most of herself."

"She is a very odd girl," said Keith gravely. "I am afraid she is not a very good companion for Mabel."  
"Oh, Mabel can take care of herself," answered the younger brother carelessly. "Besides, she wants a shaking up, and Miss Hart is just the sort of a person to give her a fling. There is no real harm in her—at least, I don't think there is. She is a thorough-paced flirt, that's all."

"Well, but that is bad enough, I suppose," said Keith.  
Keith was a little uneasy as he went to his work that day. He had a strong suspicion that he ought to give his mother some hint of the special proclivities that he and Godfrey had discovered in Miss Hart, and yet he could not bear to hurt the girl by doing it. Mrs. Verner would have her out of the house at once if she knew, he thought. And then he remembered how Prudence had said to him that she had no other home but this one, and how she had looked when she said that she was lonely and friendless, and he felt that he could not do it.

So he made up his mind that he would say nothing, and that till the end of the week, at any rate, he would put the matter out of his thoughts; and according to the best of his power he did this; but yet before the week ended he found himself becoming very curious to learn how she would conduct herself to him when he saw her next.

With a certain undeniable interest he waited for Saturday to come, and to tell the truth, when it arrived, and when, as he entered in at the gate of his father's house, he recognized at some fifty paces from him a small gray figure flitting amongst the trees, the first impulse unquestionably was to bend his steps in its direction, for the small figure was Miss Prudence Hart taking solitary exercise in the sunny afternoon.

But, after a little pause, he continued his straight walk to the house. Godfrey, in his place would have done different; but Keith had scruples that were ignored by his younger brother.

Though he had scruples, however, about showing ardent in seeking Miss Hart's society, it was by no means his intention to exclude himself from any future intercourse with that young lady. On the contrary, he had by this time assumed himself that it was his duty, in a quiet way to learn what more of her he could, in order to place himself in a position to give such advice concerning her (supposing that advice necessary) as ought to be looked for from an elder son and brother. Set out farther loss of time, therefore, he continued it with laudable perseverance through week after week of the advancing spring and early summer, for it proved to be an undertaking of an arduous sort, requiring (or, at least, so he thought) much time for its due carrying out.

(To be continued.)  
Tramps and Their Houses in England.

All regular tramp-houses—there are irregular ones with peculiar and noteworthy features—are licensed taverns, spirit-houses, or, as the phrase goes on the road, "bingo-keens" (from *it, bianco*, white, the color of gin). Most of these licenses are very old indeed, and some are the oldest in the kingdom. Every one of these houses is known far and wide. No tramp, let him come from where he may, even enters a town without very definite ideas as to the house where he is to put up. He has learned all about it—say, a hundred miles off; and he goes to it as steadily, and, when inside, conforms as smoothly to all its ways, as though he had been born within its precincts. The custom of such a house is constant. The tramp stream thither is perennial, and maintains about the same level season after season and year after year. This kind of people, indeed, will halt here and nowhere else so long as the house continues to maintain its reputation among them; and they are a much more profitable company than most people would imagine.

In a great many instances the tramp-house is managed by the same family for age after age. There is one, the Goat, or, as the genuine tramp prefers to term it, the Welsh Buffalo—at W—, which has been held by the same people since the days of the Long Parliament, as records in the possession of the landlord show. They are just the sort to conduct such a house successfully. In stature the family has always been gigantic; a little too stolid and surly, perhaps, but in temper and tastes tramp all over. For one thing, nobody ever heard of a regular marriage taking place among them. The oldest son takes over the house during the "old man's" life. The younger sons, as a rule, join the police in their native town or elsewhere, but by preference in London. Wherever they settle, however—and the fact is worthy of notice—they remain to the last in the full confidence of the fraternity among which they have been brought up.

It is the landlords of these tramp-houses who keep up the vagabond organization, and who renew and circulate the signs and passwords from time to time. The vagabonds themselves could not do it, and never think of doing it. It is difficult to give an idea of the beggar password and sign system; but we will do the best we can. It has no common centre and no uniformity. There may be, and probably there are, 50 different sets of them in use in England. Each has its own domain, and these domains intersect one another in curious fashions. These landlords form small circles, and a dozen to twenty of these small circles will form one great one. A great circle of tramp landlords—perhaps it were better to call it oval—may spread 50 miles along one of the great highways and 10 to 15 miles on each side of it. And so far the set of signs and passwords in use therein are good for three months, when they are regularly changed. A free tramp pays threepence for the sign and password every time they are renewed. All he has to do

on these occasions is to go to 'any landlord of the right sort, give in the old sign and password in due form, and pay his pence. And he has to pay again every time he enters a new circle. Experience teaches him very well the precise bounds of each. However, when he manifests ignorance on this point, he is very soon set right by the landlord, and must purchase the freedom of the new circle in the usual way. He meets with little difficulty here, provided the pence are forthcoming. For the tramp and sign given by the tramp, whether the latter is one of the right sort or not. Password and sign, indeed, serve among other things, as a means whereby tramp landlords levy a tax upon vagabonds all over the country.

The uses of this vagabond freemasonry are manifold. It teaches the vagabond whom he may safely consort and traffic with everywhere. The man who gives the right response to mystic word and sign is invariably the one



## THE LADY SHOPPER.

any landlord old sign and say his penance. He teaches him hands of each, ignorance on right by the freedom way. He, ere, provided by the word whether the sort or not, serve among ragabonds all freemasonry the vag safely con- everywhere. I response to ably the one safely reposed, of these to- by a free ex- to the benefit all. The ra- all the assist- her can ren- it. A fortu- nicking up a ating him to sides start- with a few initialed va- plet noticing, and counter- acts that fol- low. He often self picked perfect stran- ger that he can another with shord. He oys it on all one time or rtune to him- it from him, all that they Thus spread as: "Have mphy right?"

Was Begun years Ago. All, which has in paper says: nature of the at that Gen. variation of the engineers ero was not erlander is canal 2,500 afterwards the scheme, sentations of the Gulf of the Saronic through the and the other and a plan for angula sentan ent went no endeavor to ryms, Lucian osciden, and and Leuco work at the as tackled the days' work, quill an in abandoned. 30 feet wide, lime stone at with the 26 the large cis- workmen, ch engineers. Nero turn- from the d, "presumptu- had been enough that on the fears the "destruct- ings small- ere always such a work, olished way ships were other. As, hman, sanc- the short- not unlikely the canal imical discov-

Some- times ice-floes in ents against dlands, with full-grown thousands to death or the dauntless ying to get d upon the to watch a r baby to a swim with y driving it d, with her d, by her on after the m. Does it re constant- to swim? to be told the walk. and if is shoul- der, is ten o- a beard- The next

Griffin, Edison's private secretary, told me a funny characteristic of the manner in which Edison came to get married. The idea was suggested by an intimate friend, who made the point that he needed a mistress to preside over his big house, which was being managed by a house-keeper and several servants. I dare say the idea never occurred to him before, for he is known to be the strictest and most bashful of men, but he seemed pleased with the proposition, and timidly inquired whom he should marry. The friend somewhat hesitantly replied, "anyone," that a man who had so little sentiment in his soul as to ask such a question ought to be satisfied with anything that were

a petticoat and was decent, and concluded by saying: "There are a number of nice girls employed in your factory over yonder; they aren't especially refined or cultivated, I must confess, but they are respectable, and that is the main consideration after all."

Edison looked them all over, and after making his selection, put the question plumply to her. It was Edison's way of doing business, but it embarrassed the young lady all the same. She asked time to consider, and Edison granted her a week. At the end of that time she accepted him, and they were married without delay. They had decided to visit the New England States and Canada, and make quite an extensive tour. As the bridal party drove to the station they passed his laboratory. Turning to his wife, he excused himself for a few minutes, saying there were some matters that needed his attention and that he would be at the station in time for the train. The train came and went, and so did several others, but no Edison. The bride, who knew his peculiarities, finally drove back to the house and waited her liege lord's pleasure. She never saw him again for 48 hours. Immersed in some idea that had suddenly occurred to him, he became oblivious to brides, honeymoons or anything else.

## Life in Central Africa.

Central Africa, for centuries almost unknown to the civilized world, has been for the last 10 or 15 years the chosen field of the most intrepid travelers and explorers. The names of Livingston and Stanley have become household words throughout Christendom, and the geography of the "dark continent" has ceased to be the absolute and forbidding mystery which made a wide and dismal blank in the atlas of the last generation. With these famous travelers we may fitly associate their German contemporary, Dr. Gustav Nachtigal, who has given to the world some exceedingly interesting and graphic sketches of the life and customs of the natives of the kingdom of Baghirm.

The kingdom of Baghirm is not of large extent, and its sovereign is ambitious, not unlike his more civilized brethren, to increase his dominion by the annexation of adjoining territory. Meeting with resistance in the prosecution of these designs, he resorts, again after the manner of the most enlightened potentates—to the employment of force. Repeating rifles and artillery of the European pattern being wholly unknown in that region, he substitutes lances and clubs, the only weapons known to the war department of Baghirm. The methods of defense adopted by the invaded community are rude but effective. Instead of digging rifle-pits or erecting earthworks, the tribe simply mount the gigantic cotton trees, among whose protecting branches the lances of the attacking party cannot reach them. This tree is admirably adapted for the purpose of a refuge and fortification, being very high, and having usually no branches lower than 15 feet from the ground. The branches, moreover, are very thick and grow almost horizontally; so that by laying sticks across them and adding a covering of straw, a foundation is obtained for a hut in which a whole family, including the dogs and goats, can live comfortably and safely.

A single tree ordinarily contains two or three families. At night, when no attack is apprehended, the dwellers in this singular habitation come down and lay in a fresh stock of water and provisions, always hiding the latter as securely as possible. These natural forts are found, whenever assailed, to be almost impregnable, so long as only the native resources of warfare are used against them. Having no firearms, the enemy cannot reach them except by storming each tree, and any attempt to set fire to it is met by the besieged party, who extinguish the flame by pouring water upon it or beating it down with sticks.

Both in attack and defense, but especially in the latter, these people display the most stubborn courage. The members of the tribe of which a conquest is sought will fight for their liberty to the bitter end, knowing that the result of defeat is a horrible death or hopeless slavery. As a last resort, rather than submit to capture, they will climb to the top of the tree and throw themselves down to meet inevitable death.

## Esquimaux Weapons.

If you were to examine the queer weapons by which the Esquimaux manage to capture their seals—specimens of them are in the National museum at Washington—you would be astonished at their roughness. It is very difficult, especially for the northern bands, to get any wood, excepting sticks that are washed ashore, and a piece long enough to make a good spear-handle is extremely rare. In most cases, therefore, they are obliged to splice two or three short pieces together, and this they can only do by slanting both ends and binding the pieces at their juncture with strings of raw-hide or strips of intestines. The striking end of the spear usually consists of a long and pretty straight piece of bone, such as can be got from a whale's or walrus's skeleton, and this is tipped with a sharp point of bone or flint, or (now-a-days generally) of iron. Sometimes this tip is movable, so that when it penetrates the prey it will come off and only be held by the fins,

while the handle floats, secured by a loop. Other spears have each a skin buoy attached, this making it more difficult for the poor animal to swim away, and also helping to float the weapon if the hunter misses his aim. The stout lines are made of seal hide or sometimes of braided spruce roots. The "hooks" mentioned above have wooden or bone shafts, to the end of which a curved and sharpened hook of bone is firmly bound. Besides, there are other rough weapons, and a kind of net, in all of which the seal's hide and bones contribute to his tribe's destruction, and which are marvels of savage ingenuity.

Many of them are used later when the ice breaks up and the Esquimaux can go out in their kayaks. The kayak is about 20 feet long, but can be carried by one man who forms the crew. It is all decked over, excepting a little round hole, through which the young Esquimaux squeezes his legs and sits down. Then he puts on a tight oil-skin coat over his garments, and ties it down on the deck all around him, so that no water can pour in "between decks. But, on the other hand, he must untie the knots before he can get out; so, if by chance he capsizes, he must either be content to navigate head down and keel up or else must right himself by a sort of somersault, which shall bring him up on the opposite side, and this he often actually does.

## "The Tickler."

An English journal thus describes the manner in which a professional pickpocket overcomes the caution of his victims. He is called "the Tickler," because of the peculiar method he uses in his thieving:

"He follows the game, be he or she ever so cautious, until he gets what he is after. In Manchester he was known to follow a man, whom he knew had a well-filled wallet, five miles before he succeeded in getting the money. You see, the man was a very cautious fellow and kept his hand on the money in his pocket, so the Tickler could not get it, he had recourse to his last resort, used only in extreme cases. The gentleman stopped at a print-seller's window to look at some rare old prints. A number of people were gathered about the window and the gentleman pressed close up to the glass. With one hand on the railing, the other in his pocket on the money, he stooped down to examine the prints; he was near-sighted. While thus engaged, a fly, apparently, annoyed him, as flies will, by getting back of his ear, then on his cheek and finally at his nostrils, a very sensitive spot, as you may know. Now, while the insect merely tickled his ear and cheek, the gentleman only shook 'his head to drive it away, for he could not let go of the railing in the position he was, else he would have fallen headlong against the glass; and he did not choose to leave his money unguarded merely to rid himself of the annoyance of a fly. When he grasped this apparatus he glanced around to see the manipulator, but whoever the person was, he had relinquished his hold and it remained in the hands of the annoyed gentleman, while a half-second of smiling faces attested that the joke had been witnessed by a number of those present and enjoyed as well. A horrible suspicion came upon him of a sudden. He thrust his hand into his pocket—the money was gone. When the crowd discovered that a heavy robbery had been perpetrated while they were enjoying what they supposed a joke, some of them volunteered to describe the gent who had played the trick, and robbed the gentleman. It was the Tickler, as he was known to the police.

## VARIETIES.

THREE months ago, when a new servant girl came to a Brush Street family, the mistress said she desired to post the girl in advance on one certain little point. She and her husband belonged to an amateur theatrical society, and in case Jane heard any racket round the house she must not imagine that they were quarreling. They would simply be rehearsing their parts. The "play" began on the third evening of the girl's engagement. The husband taunted his wife with extravagance, and she said he played poker for money, and chairs were upset and footstools kicked around, and threats were made of going home to mother. Next morning the mistress said to the girl:

"Did you hear us playing our parts in the 'Wronged Wife' last night?"

"Yes'm."

"It was simply a rehearsal, you know, you mustn't think strangle of my throwing a vase at my husband and calling him a vile wretch."

Three or four nights after that the curtain went up on a play called "The Jealous Husband," and Jane heard sobs, sighs, protestations, threats and exclamations. The next play was entitled "Coming Home Tight," and was mostly played in the front hall. Then followed "The Depths of Despair," "Threats of Divorce," and "Such a Wretch," until Jane was at last tired of having a private box and being the only audience. The other morning she appeared in the sitting-room with her hat on and her bundle under her arm, and said:

"Please, ma'am, but I'm going this morning."

"What, going away?"

"Yes'm."

"For what reason?"

"Please, ma'am, but I tired of tragedy. I'm a girl as naturally likes to see hugging,

kissing and love-making on the stage, and when Marks, the lawyer, comes in on what do-you-call it, I'm sure I'll be tickled to death. I'll try some family where they raise comedy and have a good deal of kissing, and perhaps I may come in as a suppe and get a small share of it myself."—Chicago Herald.

"We don't care for the police—hooray!" shouted a couple of inebriated young fellows as they rolled up against the side of the city hall about two o'clock this morning. A policeman walked across the street and said:

"Here, now, you fellows must keep quiet or I'll lock you up."

"Hooray! Get out your pop! Do you mean to insult us?" asked one of the youths as he straightened himself up. Immediately there flashed in the dim daylight two pistols. Each of the young men had reached into his hip-pocket and drawn therefrom the forbidden firearms.

"Put 'em up, or I'll draw on you!" shouted the now thoroughly frightened officer, as he dodged behind the corner.

"Give him—hic—one, give him two," said one of the young men.

There was a shrill whistle. The entire reserve force at the second precinct station-house, including a little yellow dog, rushed to the scene. They stood back to back, and the policemen formed a ring around them, with drawn clubs. As the officers dodged to grab the pistols, the fellows moved around so that the revolving arsenal always showed a bold front. Suddenly an alert minion of the law made a dash and grasped one of the defendants in the crowd who did not realize the dignity of the court room, jumped up and said: "The little yellow dog told the story to a wandering reporter this morning."—Troy Times.

THE Circuit Court was held at Berkshire Center, Vermont, when old Judge Hammond, who was remarkable for his having a crooked eye, presided. The case on hand was one of trespass, and had attracted a full house. Everything went on smoothly until the old judge began to charge the jury, when he was rather severe on the defendant. An excited person in the crowd who did not realize the dignity of the court room, jumped up and said:

"Give it to him, old gimlet eye."

The old judge rose, and in a voice of thunder said:

"Who is that disturbing this court?"

The eccentric person replied:

"It's me, old boss."

Then says the judge:

"Here, constable, take that old boss and put him in the stable."

The consequence was the court had to adjourn until the afternoon in order to straighten the faces of the officers and jury.

Mrs. LAURA DAINY was reading out in Missouri, and at one of the receptions which frequently follow her readings a gentleman was present who was able to talk horse very fluently, but couldn't talk anything else. Not being able to talk much horse, the little lady was puzzled how to entertain this guest, until he casually mentioned that he formerly lived in a certain Michigan city.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "I read there only a few evenings ago and had a most charming audience." Then she added: "They have a fine course there." And he, delighted to find a woman who knew something, enthusiastically replied:

"Yes, they have as nice a mile track as there is in the State."

The subsequent silence cast a gloom over the whole company.

"Did you go to war?"

"No, but I was in camp at Elmira for ten days."

"Were you accidentally wounded?"

"No."

"Have a heavy fit of sickness?"

"No."

"Contract rheumatism?"

"No."

"My friend," said the lawyer, as he looked at him in a fatherly way, "Some pension agents might be discouraged over your case, and refuse to touch it, but I shall at once forward your papers for a pension on the ground that you were broken of your usual rest during those ten nights. Call again in 60 days for your back pay. Good morning sir—next!"

Gus DE BROWN, who has prolonged his call considerably after 10:45 p. m.:

"So you don't admire men of conservative views, like myself, Miss Angel?"

Miss A., with vivacity:

"No, indeed, I prefer people who have some in them."

De B. reaches for his hat.

Chaff.

The cool hole goeth before destruction, and a banana skin before a fall.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

A lawyer is about the only man who ever made anything by opposing a woman's will.

The question as to who shall be speaker of the house has to be settled after every marriage.

An exchange remarks that beef has not been so high as now since the cow jumped over the moon.

Appropos of the "Language of Flowers," how would forget-me-not do to send to a rich relation?

"Oh, for a better half," said the sorrowing widower, when he found a counterfeit 50 cent piece among his small change.

A lady advertises for a person who is in the habit of serenading her to stand nearer the house, so that she can scold him.

What is the difference between the sun and a bootblack? The sun shines for nothing, but the bootblack shines for five cents.

A fashion paper says corneal rubbed in the hair will clean it. But nobody wants to take so much trouble to clean cornmeal.

The postmaster at Thomson, Ga., is in deep trouble. A kiss was sent by postal order to a young lady there, and he has either to give up his office or his wife.

Some people get so soon familiar. Snook—"Hello, Monty, how are you?" Lord Montague Brabazon: "Pretty well, thanks, and how are you?"—"And a what's is your name?"

One of the United States Consuls in Italy began a magazine article 25 years ago, with this glowing statement: "Julius Caesar was a consul; Napoleon Bonaparte was a consul; and so was I."

Accuracy.—"And what then was the date of your poor husband's death?" "Let me recollect myself, ma'am. Well, if he'd 'lived to Wednesday next, he'd 'a' been dead three weeks."

A gentleman saw an old Highlander one day fishing with a bent pin. He said to the man: "Fish will never be caught with that." "Ah, they will," the man replied, "if they'll only take it into their heads."

English doctors say that plants in sleeping rooms are unhealthy. French doctors say

they produce sweet slumbers. American doctors don't say anything about it, but charge it to the bill.

They say that this year's graduates at West Point are better waiters than those of some years past. This great improvement in the efficiency of our military college is something for the nation to be thankful for.

"Yes," said the fishdealer, "trade has been very dull, but as soon as the weather gets better we expect to sell large strings of trout, perch and pickerel, evenings, to young men returning from fishing excursions."

Young lady—"Oh, Aunt, did you see that man stare at you? How rude the men are!" Aunt—"Oh, they are getting much better, now, my dear. Why, ten years ago they used actually come up and talk to me; now they only look!"

"Does the world miss any one?" queried a disconsolate maiden of 36 summers and eight moons over. "The world will be very likely to miss you," said her younger sister. "As for me, I shall be a 'Mrs.' before the cherries are ripe."

A wicked Connecticut man, taken ill and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it. Immediately the feeling friend sent for a fire insurance agent.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt recently paid \$30,000 for a blue-white diamond weighing 15 carats—the finest of its size ever brought to America. It is not stated whether he intends to become a minstrel "and man" or a Summer resort hotel clerk.

He was making a call and they were talking of literature. "The Progress of the Novel," she remarked, "always seems to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?" He said he had one on each foot, and they both cried him a good deal.

Colonel Ingersoll says it is absurd to ask him to believe that seven men did or could blow down the walls of Jericho with rams' horns. He doesn't know how rams' horns sound, but if they are anything like band instruments, seven amateurs out for practice might do a good deal of damage.

Old Scotch gentleman sitting in a Toronto car—a young lady enters and makes a rush for the topmost seat. The car starts rather suddenly, the young lady lands on the old gentleman's knee, blushing, and exclaiming: "Oh! beg your pardon." Old G.—"Dinna mention it, lassie. I'd rather have ye sittin' on my knee than standin' on ceremony."—Scott's Humor.

## The Household.

## MISTAKES OF MOTHERS.

There are some vital errors made by mothers who conscientiously attempt to guide and control the course of their children's lives, which do not hinge on a want of sympathy, or a disregard of greater things through over-solicitude concerning lesser ones, but are the fruits of thoughtlessness, and a lack of ability to see in the actions of to-day the impelling power which will govern the deeds of coming years. A young couple, married perhaps when they are still children in the eyes of the law, not unfrequently fail to realize the responsibility which rests upon them as guardians of young souls. "The baby" is a new pet, to be kissed and fondled, dressed and admired, yet under the dainty embroidered robes are little feet to guide in new paths, little hearts to win to right, and teach the "nobility of living," for which the young mother is more or less responsible. When we note how much easier it is to direct and guide a child accustomed to his first conscious efforts at rebellion, and how hard it is to turn the stubborn, obstinate urchin who has had his own way since he was large enough to kick over the wash-bowl because his serene highness did not feel in a humor to bathe, and was allowed to go unwashed in consequence, we feel the truth of the saying that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Obedience is the first thing to be taught to a child; implicit obedience, born of faith and confidence, ready obedience, which comes of love. The child who has learned to obey without stopping to argue the point, or without being threatened, or coaxed, is not only a delight to all who have any dealings with him, but has laid the foundation for a noble character and grand career, for "he who would command must first learn to obey." There is no household so illy conducted as the one in which the caprices of the children conflict with all system and regularity, in which the subordinates are commanders, and rightful authorities defer to upstarts in pinafores. A ward politician who should attempt to usurp the place of President would be no more "checky" than many children who actually govern the household, and tell their mothers what they shall or shall not do.

When we see how "family traits" are reproduced in the little people it should not only warn us of the danger of giving way to any "one-sided development" in our own characters, but put us on the watch for leading characteristics and inclinations in them. Take a child, for instance, who shows a miserly disposition, hoarding and saving from a mere love of possession, and a wise mother, instead of fostering the habit, will do her best to win him from a lapse into the vice of stinginess, to a more generous spirit of liberality. Selfishness is akin to miserliness, in that the latter is often the outgrowth of the former, but its opposite, too great generosity, which comes of a too low estimate of the value of things, is also to be duly controlled. I dislike to see a child sharp or shrewd at a bargain, it is so essentially foreign to the generous, openhanded disposition natural to the young; still more do I dislike to see the fault intensified by parental approval, and the "cuteness" of the young Shylock commended. Depend upon it, at manhood he will exact "his pound of flesh," and his desire for good bargains will be not unlikely to lead him into downright dishonesty.

The little miss whose injudicious mother is continually praising her beauty, and calling attention to dimples and curls and bright eyes, is all too apt to develop into the vain, frivolous girl, whose duty is her looking-glass, and whose chief thought is her dress and appearance. It is not infrequently happens that a very pretty child will grow into an ordinary, plain-faced girl, while she, accustomed to hear her fanlike beauty lauded, is blind to the change, and possesses all the vanity of beauty without its redeeming grace. Pert and flippancy are too often laughed at as smart and piquant, and a bad habit of saying repartee encouraged, which is not so charming when in a year or two it must be chastised by the ugly name of imper-

tinence. It is an excellent rule to adopt never to show approval of or laugh at any trait in a child which it is not desirable should grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. Sadder of all, and almost incredible to believe, is to hear little lips taught profane words because "it sounds so cute," to hear them from lisping lips unconscious of their meaning. I think I may safely say no woman ever taught her child to swear because it was "cunning," but many fathers let their little sons repeat unrepented the oaths they themselves make use of in moments of anger, and hired men have been known not only to give lessons in profanity, but to put tobacco into little mouths, and their own discolored pipes between little lips. That would be a singular moral condition which would lead a man to teach a child, barely able to talk, to invoke God and call upon the devil, and call it amusing! I respect that man of my acquaintance who, having a family of boys growing up round him, made it a condition of his bargains with his men that they should refrain from swearing while they worked for him, saying that though his sons would undoubtedly hear plenty of it, somewhere, at some time, they should never be taught it at home; and who had the courage to discharge his best man, in the hurry of harvest, for a breach of that agreement.

A most grave mistake, made by many mothers and condemned as such by many reputable physicians, is the practice of feeding to babies a few drops of liquor every day, merely for the purpose of keeping them quiet and "good natured," or for the mothers themselves to take two or three glasses of beer or "a little sling" to "keep their strength up." How can we blame human frailty, fed on stimulants from the natal day, accustomed to the taste and sensations from the earliest remembrance, if it is overcome by temptations without, aided and abetted by those within? If unnatural tastes fostered in the cradle lead to intemperance, if ungoverned passion ends in crime, if childish greed culminates in dishonesty and a prison cell, and unbridled vanity paves the way to shame, what measure of responsibility shall fall on those who by their mistakes, bent the tender twigs in the wrong direction?

## THE NEW HOUSE.

It seems very strange that so many houses in country, village and city, are so constructed that it would seem the builders had made a study of introducing inconveniences, and planned to "make steps" for the housekeeper.

A person who has lived for years in one of these "palaces" and filled the air with complaints every day on account of its badly arranged rooms, will see a new house built, of which she is to be the mistress and "has a right to dictate terms, and say nothing; yet when her ambition is satisfied and she has moved "out of the old house into the new," you soon hear her comment: "Folks have to build two or three houses before they know what they want. If I should build another, I would have this or that arranged differently." Very often if you will follow their ideas of how they would change next time, you will find that to carry out these changes, would necessitate an entire new plan; a readjustment being out of the question. I think this arises not so much from want of knowledge of what would be convenient, as from want of self assertion. We rely too much on the carpenter or architect, (if the new home is so ambitious that his services are called for,) and distrust our ability to plan for ourselves, in the face of the pompous professor. I think if any woman of practical good sense will give her attention to the matter, she could plan a house for herself that would be more satisfactory than any that could be planned for her. But it is a matter requiring time, thought and patience. When a plan has been thought up that seems feasible, the outline should be drawn on paper, as such demonstrations will often show faults or defects not discernible by the mind's eye. You may find the fairest "castle in Spain" shattered when you bring it to the lines of actual measurement, you may find a wall where a window is needed, no space for the chimney where you would need it for the place accorded the stove; there might be no corner for the piano, or room for the house plants; no cosy place with good light and warmth for your rocking chair, or room for baby's crib.

The first thing necessary after deciding on material and location, is the number of rooms that are indispensable; then think how many shall be on the first floor, and the purposes to which they are to be devoted. Don't be afraid of an extended front; make as many rooms have a pleasant outlook as possible, especially have your farm house kitchen cheerful; so planned that you may see something beside the barnyard and woodpile. Many hours are necessarily passed there and it should not be the most forlorn place in the house. Give much thought to its arrangement; have the pantry, cellar and wood-house as accessible as possible; with water handy; the dining-room close by; and the greatest problem of the new house is solved. Have one nice, airy bedroom conveniently situated downstairs, even if you prefer to sleep upstairs: it is indispensable in case of sickness in the family. When you have provided for these rooms and placed them in a proper form to facilitate your work, consider the claims of sitting-room, parlor, etc., if you have room for them. One can live without a parlor, but a kitchen we must have. If you put your "stove out" in summer, bear this in mind in your planning, that this removal to save heat from the house does not double your steps. Give as much space as possible to each sleeping room; see that closets are secured for each; arrange windows and doors with a view to good ventilation, and plan and draw your plan until you can see no chance for improvement; then lay it away for awhile, when with your head clear and undisturbed you can see defects if they exist.

When you feel entirely satisfied it may be well to submit it to the criticism of the professional builder, consider his objections, if he offers any, and do not commence

building until every detail is settled. This may seem irksome, but how much better to wait a little and have the new house something near as perfect as our fond anticipation has pictured it.

This is a matter of too great moment to be more than glanced at even in a rather lengthy treatise, but I hope these thoughts may induce others to give their views on the subject, for the arrangement of the house has a most important bearing on the amount of work that must be done in the house.

A. L. L.

## SWEET CORN.

I noticed in the FARMER of last week an article on preserving sweet corn, closing with a request that some of your readers would contribute the details of some successful method of doing it.

Corn, if properly canned, is good when wanted for use, but as a general thing only that put up at the canning factories gives satisfaction, and sometimes that kind proves to be poor.

For the information of those of your readers who would like to preserve some sweet corn, and have it good, with little trouble, little expense and no possibility of failure, I will give them the desired information. Don't go to the expense or take the risk of canning it, but dry it, or rather dehydrate it.

First send to L. Granger, of this place, and get one of his \$3.50 or \$4.00 family fruit dryers. When the corn is in the proper state for boiling—before cutting from the cob steam or boil it five or ten minutes to set the milk, then shave the corn from the cob, and spread it upon the dryer, and at the end of one hour and a half, with scarcely any attention, your corn is nicely dried. Winnow out the bran, place in a paper sack and put away. Green peas and beans may be served the same way with equal success.

SUBSCRIBER.

ARMADA, JUNE 10, 1882.

## Useful Recipes.

It is a singular fact that with the freshest of eggs and best of butter always at hand, an omelet is rarely seen on a farmer's table, either from want of knowledge of methods or indisposition to take time to prepare it. There are almost as many kinds of omelet as there are varieties of cake, but the following directions, clipped from an exchange, will, with a little practice, enable the novice to prepare a very palatable omelet; it should not be sodden or heavy, but light and tender. The second recipe, for jelly omelet, is the one in use in a noted restaurant in this city, and we can declare it all our fancy painted!

Beat yolks and whites together just enough to break and mix them, so that you can drop a spoonful of the mixture. In cooking, allow an ounce of butter to four eggs. Any clean, smooth iron pan or skillet is a good enough omelet pan. The beaten eggs, when poured into the pan, should be at least a half inch in depth. Have the butter in the pan perfectly melted, but not brown. Pour in the mixture and place over a quick heat. As soon as the egg fairly sets upon the bottom of the pan, lift it up carefully and lightly with a fork, so as to allow uncooked egg to take its place. Continue this lifting process as long as there is any uncooked egg in the pan and until the omelet lies in a soft, creamy pile of delicious golden hue. Then permit the bottom to set more firmly, tip the pan slightly, loosen the edges with a broad bladed knife, which slip under one side of the omelet and roll over, tipping the pan to suit the folding of the omelet. A still further tipping of the pan turns the omelet, folded, on a platter in as inviting a form as one could desire. Whatever seasoning or other ingredient is to be mixed with the omelet should be sprinkled, spread or poured over it after it is first put in the pan and just before the lifting operation begins.

CURRENT JELLY OMELET.—Beat six eggs together, and add three tablespoonsful of fresh milk and a sprinkle of salt. Put a piece of butter as large as a walnut into a spider, hot enough to melt it but not brown it. Turn in half of the mixture, and let it become set in the pan. Put a heaping tablespoonful of currant jelly on top of it, in the middle, and turn each side of the omelet, one over the other, letting the jelly melt, so as to run out a little, and brown the edges. Put a small heated platter over the spider with the left hand, and with a jerk of the right hand, turn it quickly upon the platter. Serve at once, and have the rest of the mixture cooked while the first one is eaten.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes.

Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and make you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease so effectually that it never returns.

Taylor, Woolfenden

& Co.,

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF

FINE DRY GOODS.

We offer the balance of our stock of our stock of Spring and Summer Dress Goods at popular prices.

We have a large lot of Silk Dolmans and Promenades, Cloth Jackets, Sacques, Dolmans, Ulsters and Ulsterettes, many of which have been purchased at a great reduction from early season's prices and will be sold correspondingly cheap.

Special lines of Thin Goods for Summer wear.

If you want anything in the Dry Goods line send us for it. We guarantee satisfaction in both goods and prices.

TAYLOR, WOOLFENDEN &amp



